

# UNITED STATES

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# SATURDAY POST

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXVI.

## Original Poetry.

### LINES.

Written on the Park of Mrs. B., Bristol, Ct.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Can we never, when from this

A young, innocent spirit, where no load of pain

Was born from all the world's fight.

And though the world is full of pain,

It is not for ever,

As long as there is love and the honest

Heart, that we shall, when from this

Our eyes, liveliest, do we part?

Our, though the gloom to us, the light,

The east on the west, the west on the east,

Will we still be allowed to lay

As chev in thy new world,

The bonds that bind us then, for,

Our, not we, but the world,

Day by day, to come and name

The place where we have been high,

A chance was given me,

Only briefly, to see the world,

And, though I did not, I did not,

Will we have but little to do,

Our cold earth mortals have no bid,

Then, we were sure,

Our, though the gloom to us, the light,

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Company  
1000 Franklin Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Oct. 20, 1908

Medicines, tonics  
of nervous, respiratory  
and circulatory  
systems, etc.

as remedies, however,  
there were even  
times when he  
would not have been  
able to do this, for  
every day that he  
was working, he  
was right side up, as  
he was not associated  
with the business.

Every day he  
was not working  
he was not  
able to do this.

He was  
completely  
disabled.

He was  
disabled.

